



Danderine

Grew This Hair

AND WE CAN

PROVE IT.

Little Frances Marie Knowlton is the daughter of Dr. E. W. Knowlton, the discoverer of this great hair-growing remedy, and her beautiful hair was grown wholly by the use of this great tonic.

This little girl had no more hair than the average child before using Danderine, while now she has the longest and most beautiful head of golden hair ever possessed by a child of her age in the world.

Danderine makes the scalp healthy and fertile and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp fertilizer and therefore the greatest hair-producing remedy ever discovered. It is a natural food and a wholesome medicine for both the hair and scalp. Even a 2c. bottle of it will put more growth in your hair than a gallon of any other hair tonic ever made.

NOW at all druggists, in three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

FREE. To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

Latest Photo of FRANCES MARIE KNOWLTON, Four Years, 990 Garfield Boulevard, Chicago.

THE MAJESTY OF THE MOTHER'S LOVE

By Richard L. Metcalfe in The Commoner

Newspaper readers are quite familiar with the details of a recent divorce suit between a couple conspicuous in the social life of the United States army. Charges and counter charges were made, and the result was that the husband was given the decree with the possession of the two children.

Among the black stories that emanated from that court room, there was one bright tale. Among the deeply interested participants there was one stalwart figure. The figure was the twelve year old lad of the divorced couple, and the tale relates to the fidelity he displayed toward the woman who gave him birth.

Given into the custody of his father this manly lad, upon the adjournment of the court, boldly and roundly denounced him for the charges he had made against the mother. Stoutly maintaining his faith in his mother's innocence, he publicly condemned the father for alleged brutalities, and, forced to accompany his father, he announced his determination to rejoin his mother at the earliest opportunity.

That was at once a pathetic and a splendid scene. Some may imagine, but none can describe, the emotions that rocked the tender heart of this boy. In addition to being deprived of a home where the mother is "the sweet rallying point round which affection and obedience and a thousand tender endeavors to please concentrate," he was required to witness a foul stain upon the fair name of his first and best friend.

"I Know Not, I Ask Not."

In this view, the guilt or innocence of the woman need not be considered. Guilty or innocent, the boy's faith was superb. Innocent or guilty, the boy's fidelity was magnificent. He may have heard things which he could not understand; he may have listened to indictments which he could not explain. The central fact with him was that she was his mother, and to him and to his boyish innocence and faith, "a mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive." Whether his fine devotion was due more to love than to faith, he might have joined with Tom Moore in that sentiment which Poe said embodies the all in all of the divine passion of love—a sentiment which, perhaps, has found its echo in more, and in more passionate, human hearts than any other single sentiment ever embodied in words:

"Here still is the smile that no cloud can overcast. And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last."

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame? I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou has called me thy Angel in moments of bliss And thy Angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this— Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there too!

If devotion such as this be shown for one whose name has, at least, been tarnished, what words may be used to describe the loyalty due one whose name is a synonym for purity? The World's Burden-Bearers. It will not do this world a bit of

harm for its men—and its boys, too—to be frequently reminded of the great debt they owe their mothers. From the beginning to the end of her own life as mother, from the beginning to the end of her children's lives, she is the burden bearer of burden bearers and the wonder of it all is that in her delicate construction there is strength to carry the loads.

The secret of her love and sacrifice was told by one who wrote: "Her first ministrations for her infant is to enter as it were, the valley of the shadow of death and win its life at the peril of her own. How different must an affection thus founded be from all others!"

And how different, indeed, from all others, is the mother's affection for her children!

The majesty of a mother's love is indescribable. In the language of another, "it shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints; and from the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven."

But it is not alone in the tragedies of life that the mother love is felt; it manifests itself all along the line; and the routine life of the mother is one continual round of self-sacrifice, of attentions great and small—the greatest consequential to the child's future and the smallest indispensable to its present day happiness.

"Who ran to help me when I fell And would some pretty story tell, Or kiss the place to make it well? My mother."

A Veritable Sherlock Holmes.

Did you ever think of the endless and various little duties confronting the mother every day of the year? One hour devoted to the discharge of these duties to the children would drive the average man stark mad. From morning until night, and in cases of sickness or of fretfulness sometimes from night until morning, this heroine of the hearthstone keeps ever at her task. With all of the boundless attention required by her little ones a large share of her notice must be given to the little necessities of the father who, in many cases, is the greatest baby of them all. What a wonderful amount of work she is able to accomplish! How many things she seems to do all at the same time! At one moment she is preparing the father for his daily journey to the business district—and in most cases this is no mean task, either—and between stops, as it were, she is preparing the children for school. In locating missing articles essential to the dress she is a veritable Sherlock Holmes. Did it ever occur to you that the boy's cap or the girl's scarlet hood has a mysterious way of hiding itself? And did it ever occur to you, also, that through some mysterious power the mother is always able to locate the missing article?



No matter how long you have suffered from Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Weak Kidneys, Constipation, or Malaria the Bitters will help you. Try it today.

file? In such a search the combined efforts of the father, the children and the domestic would be unavailing. Even though they extended over a considerable period of time, while the mother, who in the first place can not possibly have any idea as to the headgear's location, seems instinctively drawn to its hiding place. This provides but a meagre description of the wonderful capabilities of the mother in the little things in household affairs. But these things are familiar to every man who remembers the kind offices of his own good mother, and to every husband who stands uncoerced in the presence of his good wife's ministrations to his own little ones.

Some Familiar Scenes.

Did you ever notice the large difficulties under which a great powerful man struggles when he escorts two or three children to a circus or a county fair? In the parlance of the street, he is "sweating blood," and you have no difficulty in imagining that under his breath he is singing "A charge to keep I have." And did you ever notice how deftly a mother, perhaps already worn and weary from her household work, handles, on similar occasions, half a dozen nervous, impatient little ones? Perhaps she is carrying one of them in a tired arm, and holding another with a weary hand, while all the time she is keeping a watchful eye on the balance of the group; and all the time without a sign of weariness and without a display of impatience.

How intimately a mother's sympathies and sentiments are linked with those of the child! The boy can not enter his home so late at night, nor so stealthily, as to avoid his mother's notice; and the innocent inquiry, "Is that you, Will?" is as familiar to the boys of today as to the boys of forty years ago. She may be in a far away room and yet during the dead of night when a little one who has, perhaps, taken a cold sneezes she can, though the mother of half a dozen, immediately distinguish the owner of the sneeze. She may be sitting in a room several rooms away from the cookery, and yet she seems able to tell instinctively just when the hand of a healthy boy has been thrust into the cookie jar. She can detect the falsehood where the father would see nothing but truth. She can recognize as correct a statement which the father might question. She knows the weakness of every child, and to that extent knows just how much should be forgiven. She accomplishes so much, loves so much and sacrifices so much that the father, conscious of his own shortcomings, most oftentimes stands abashed in her presence.

One of the prettiest stories ever told relates to the devotion shown by a distinguished Nebraska man to the memory of his boy's mother. This gentleman caused to be erected over that mother's grave a stone upon which his own name as husband, and the names of his boys as sons of that good woman, were inscribed. After the stone had been put in place, he took his four boys to the cemetery, and kneeling at that grave, directed their attention to the fact that their names had been highly honored by being written on that slab of marble. Then, paying a high and deserved tribute to the fine character of that mother, the father said: "Boys, if any one of you ever does anything to dishonor this memory, I will have his name chiseled from this stone."

It would be a great benefit to all

the boys of the world if the love and devotion shown for them by their mothers could be ever impressed upon them. If the boys would be ever careful lest they do something that, if known, would bring pain and sorrow to the mother heart, the future of the world would be secure.

A Boy and His Sweetheart.

Many years ago one of the best of mothers, tell us, slept at the gates of light. All of her children, of course, revered her memory; but one of them was the babe of war-time birth, and owing to the anxieties and excitements of the period, and the continued absence of the father, extraordinary affection and devotion was, doubtless, lavished upon him.

Perhaps it was because of this that after the mother's death, and for many years, this boy never retired for the night without placing at his bedside a chair, under the childish impression that his mother would occupy it and watch him to sleep.

When other boys would write in sand or carve on trees the names of sweethearts dear, this lad would trace with knife or stick the name of his sweetheart—his mother's name.

When but a boy he chose his sweet heart's name as one to be given to his own daughter; and when in later years he wrote some tales of love and life, his heroine, good and true, bore with signal honor and renown the name he loved so well. So, through boyhood's days this precious memory was enshrined within his heart; the purity, the devotion, the sacrifices, the sorrows of this patient, God loving and God serving woman was ever before him, often deterring him from evil and sometimes inspiring him for good.

"Happy he with such a mother! Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womanhood beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him."

Memories that Bless—and Burn.

There are living today such mothers. If the boys could only appreciate their loving kindness while they live, life would be sweeter to them. If those who now have the companionship of the boy's best friend could only know all they will lose when that companionship ends, the pathway of the mothers of the world would today be strewn with roses.

The regrets for thoughtless acts and indifference to admonitions now felt and expressed by many living sons of dead mothers will, in time, be felt and expressed by the living sons of living mothers. The boys of today who do not understand the value of the mother's companionship will yet sing—with those who already know—this song of tribute and regret:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, Are as a string of pearls to me; I count them over, every one apart, My rosary."

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer To still a heart in absence wrung; I tell each bead unto the end, and there A cross is hung.

O memories that bless—and burn! Oh might gain and bitter loss! I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn To kiss the cross, Sweet heart, To kiss the cross."

No Poison in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

From Napier, New Zealand, Herald: Two years ago the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales, Australia, had an analysis made of all the cough medicines that were sold in that market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, made by the Chamberlain Medicine Company, Las Moines, Iowa, U. S. A. The absence of all narcotics makes this remedy the safest and best that can be had; and it is with a feeling of security that any mother can give it to her little ones. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is especially recommended by its makers for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

SAFES, SAFES, SAFES. BUY "DIEBOLD" OR "ALPINE" FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES SCARRITT MORENO, Agent.

INSURANCE ADJUSTER REACHES THE CITY

John C. Ruse, an insurance adjuster representing a number of the companies with which suffering from the recent fire were insured, reached the city yesterday from Atlanta. The business of Mr. Ruse is to adjust the losses in the fire, but he will not start upon this work until an other adjuster reaches here, which is expected to be to-day.

Good Work

Done Daily in Pensacola—Many Citizens Tell of it.

Nearly every reader has heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. Their good work in Pensacola still continues, and our citizens are constantly adding endorsement by public testimony. No better proof of merit can be had than the experience of friends and neighbors. Read this case:

Mrs. F. B. Albert, living at 803 East Belmont street, says: "My mother has used several boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills which she procured at Sidney Kahn's drug store, No. 9 South Palafox street. She values them very highly. She has suffered severely from her kidneys and back for years. Doan's Kidney Pills have relieved her of the backache and made her kidneys stronger and better in every way than they have been in many years." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

GET WELL AT HOME

If you are unable to visit French Lick Springs Hotel, with its 1,000-acre natural park, its healthful atmosphere, its restful surroundings and its 400 room hotel, go to your druggist and get a bottle of



Concentrated PLUTO WATER 15c., 25c. and 35c. Concentrated Pluto Water acts pleasantly and certainly. It will quickly relieve and permanently cure such afflictions as Indigestion, Constipation, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism, Nervous Disorders, Acute or Chronic Alcoholism, etc.

Write for our FREE Illustrated Booklet, telling about the Hotel and the Mineral Waters. FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL CO., Thos. Taggart, Pres. French Lick, Indiana.

Pluto Water

is sold in Pensacola by

New Orleans Grocery Co.

Best thing in the world for Constipation, Liver and Bowel trouble.

For sale at all druggists and first-class groceries.

ASKS PARDON FOR WALTER L. TAYLOR

HON. ROBT. MCNAMEE IN TALLAHASSEE PUSHING PETITION OF LAMAR'S ASSAILANT.

Tallahassee, Nov. 8.—Hon. Robert McNamee of Tampa has been here since Sunday afternoon making an effort to get a pardon for Walter L. Taylor, who is serving a sentence of five years in the State prison for an assault upon Hon. W. B. Lamar, at that time Attorney General. Mr. McNamee has succeeded in bringing the matter before the members of the Board of Pardons unofficially, as is required by a recent resolution of the board, and hopes to bring the case before them at an early date.

When You Have a Bad Cold. You want a remedy that will not only give quick relief but effect a permanent cure.

You want a remedy that will relieve the lungs and keep expectation easy. You want a remedy that will counteract and tendency toward pneumonia. You want a remedy that is pleasant and safe to take.

NOTICE

The Woolley Sanatorium, the only institute in the United States where the Opium, Cocaine and Whiskey habits can be cured without exposure, and with so much ease for the patient. Only 30 days' time required. Describe your case and I will write you an opinion as to what I can accomplish for you. Ask your family physician to investigate. Dr. B. M. Woolley, 104 N. Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.

The Secret of Whistler's Mastery.

It has often been said that Whistler's art was an art of evasion. But the reason of the evasion was reverence. He kept himself reverently at a distance. He knew how much he could not do, nor was he ever confident even of the things that he could do, and these things, therefore, he did superlatively well, having to grope for the means in the recesses of his soul. The particular quality of exquisiteness and freshness that gives to all his work, whether on canvas or on stone or on copper, a distinction from and above any contemporary work and makes it dearer to our eyes and hearts, is a quality that came to him because he was an amateur and that abided with him because he never ceased to be an amateur. He was a master through his lack of mastery. In the art of writing he was a master through his lack of mastery. There is almost exact parallel between the two sides of his genius. Nothing could be more absurd than the general view of him as a masterly professional on the one side and a trifling amateur on the other. He was certainly a painter who wrote. But by the slightest movement of Fate's little finger he might have been a writer who painted.—Metropolitan Magazine.

CREW NOTICE. Neither the master, owners or agents of the British steamship Cumella will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of said vessel. GURKIE, Master. JNO. A. MERRITT & CO., Agts. Tallahassee.

DAPHNE FORCE RETURNED HOME

Warlike Demonstration Against Capital of Baldwin a Miserable Fiasco.

The Mobile Register of yesterday contained the following relative to the warlike demonstration by Coroner McKemie against the town of Bay Minette.

The armed posse in command of Coroner McKemie, of Baldwin county, which camped in this city Monday night and yesterday morning, to the number of 117 men and youths, with the intention of descending on Bay Minette and capturing the recalcitrant sheriff and circuit clerk of the county and the records in their possession, did not descend as per programme, and Bay Minette is still on the map of Alabama.

There were dire forebodings as to the fate of Bay Minette and the residents thereof all Monday night while the heavily armed detachment of coroner's guards patrolled the streets of Mobile looking for Sheriff Armstrong and trouble. Some of the detachment went to the office of Sheriff Powers early yesterday and whispered to Chief Deputy Powers that they were looking for Armstrong, as if the whole town didn't know it. There was no Armstrong in Mobile, however, and on a message from a delegation sent to Bay Minette as a kind of advance guard, that it would be useless to continue the excursion, the Daphnettes returned to their native beach on one of the bay steamers, which made a special trip to carry them. Before going, many of the posse procured arms and ammunition from local dealers. Some of them had no arms when they reached here on Monday night and others had old-time cap pistols and muzzle-loading shotguns. These were discarded for better weapons, and, before the report from the advance guard was received, nearly all the force had procured new guns and ammunition.

The appearance of the large body of armed men in the city was the cause of much fun at the expense, the citizens of Mobile not taking their mission seriously, and when they appeared in Bienville square for the morning muster according to an arrangement entered into the night before, a great crowd gathered to see who they were and what they wanted. This crowd indulged in good natured guffing of the fierce looking visitors, who returned the chaff as well as they were able. Although many of the coroner's force took advantage of their visit to Mobile to get a little of the stuff that is not sold in Baldwin, only one became hors de combat, Jim Esqua, and he fell into the net of the local police. Jim's vocation is perhaps an excuse for the lapse—he is a jug maker. He was rescued from the police after a brief sleep, by a delegation of his warlike companions and shipped with the crowd when they went home.

At an early hour this morning it is stated that there was nothing unusual in the court proceedings at Daphne. Governor is Watching. A Montgomery special to the Birmingham Age-Herald says: So far there has been no word to the office of the governor that the citizens of Daphne, in Baldwin county, reported to be moving en masse upon Bay Minette to take the sheriff and the county records and move them to where they claim is the county seat at Daphne, had reached the latter place. Neither was there any evidence that they had even started from Daphne, notwithstanding the report. However, it was related that a story had come in some way that a start would be made this afternoon and that it was the intention of the party to try to get the records. It was not thought that they intended to fight for them, as has been reported, but to endeavor to reach some understanding without bloodshed. In fact it is not regarded here that there is the least danger of sore being poured out down there in any event, though the feeling is very high.

The governor is in close touch with the situation and will act as he thinks best when the time comes for him to interfere. He had nothing to say about the matter today save to relate that he had heard of the reports from down there and to say that he did not believe any effort had been made then to force the issue.

THE HAIR BRUSH.

Breeds Dandruff, Which Causes Falling Hair and Finally Baldness.

Prof. Unna, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says that dandruff is as contagious as any other malevolent disease, and that one common source of the spread of dandruff is the use of the same hair brush by different persons. The way to avoid catching dandruff or any other disease from another's brush, is to insist on the use of Newbro's Herpicide. It not only kills the dandruff germ, but it is also an antiseptic that will prevent the catching of any disease whatever through contagion of another's brush. For sale by W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 South Palafox street, or send 10c for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

WALDORF CLUB MEETING. There will be a special meeting of the Waldorf Club to-night.

TOM STOKES, Sec. ALEX. BELL, Pres.

Irritation

of the throat, sore and swollen tonsils, loss of voice, and other throat troubles should never be neglected. These ailments quickly work down to the lungs, and often end in consumption or pneumonia.

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL

used as a gargle, and externally on the throat, is a marvelous remedy for these painful and dangerous disorders, and effects relief and cure after everything else has failed.

Says Henry Wade, of Harlin, Mo.: "I am under obligations to you for the great good which Hamlin's Wizard Oil did my wife. She suffered from Throat Trouble for a year, and though she doctored and doctored, nothing did her any good, until she tried Hamlin's Wizard Oil." Price 50c and \$1.00.

Sold and recommended by WHITE'S PHARMACY, Pensacola, Fla. Phone 180, Night Phone 445.

Pensacola Oyster Depot.

F. SIGARI, PROPRIETOR. Oysters—Wholesale and retail. The finest Escambole Oysters and Perdidio Bay Plants, at Pensacola Oyster Depot, No. 14 E. Intendencia, opposite Cushman's alley. Orders delivered free in any part of city. Phone 158.

Cleanliness, Expert Washing,

Starching and Ironing meet the requirements of the highest grade of

Laundry Work at reasonable prices. Let us call for your package.

The Star Steam Laundry.

37 E. Garden St. Phone 114. Pensacola, Fla.

Manhattan Tailoring Co.,

411 S. PALAFOX. A Full Line of

Fall and Winter Suitings.

All the Latest Fabrics and at living prices.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

Manuel Solomon, Prop'r

COTTRELL'S Photograph Gallery

Will Be Re-opened About Nov. 1.

We're Expecting

You In For a Look.

Mr. Man:—You must be nearly pestered to death with the daring newspaper ads. urging you to go to one place or another to spend your clothes money.

We want you, too, but are not going to shriek in your ear that we are the one and only.

All this ad's. for is to let you know that we're after your trade.

You're foxy enough to buy of the store that will do the best for you.

We want a chance to show you, and will leave the rest to you.

After you've been here, you'll be glad you came. Come see—that's the test!

H. O. ANSON

CASH CLOTHIER

Phone 297

Cor. Main and Palafox Sts.